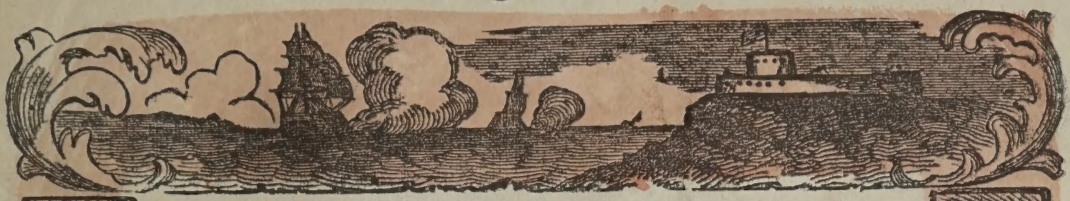

THE PILOT.

When lightnings pierce the pitchy sky
And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
While roaring waves each other whelm,
The hardy pilot takes the helm.
He puts to sea, resolved to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

The signal of distress he hears,
And to the foundering vessel steers;
He loudly hails the exhausted crew.
Who, cheered by him, their toils renew,
And bless the pilot come to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pumps with double force;
He calmly points the helmsman's course;
His steady order all obey;
And now the vessel on her way
Pursues, the pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course they keep;
She struggling rides the angry deep:
In smoother water soon she sails;
The crew huzza, then warmly hails
The hardy pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

EVER OF THEE.

As Sung By John Hassel.

Ever of thee I' am fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
Thou wert the star that mildly beaming,
Shone o'er my pat h when all was dark and drear:
Still in my heart thy form I cherish;
Every kind thought, like a bird, flies to thee:
Oh oh! never, till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me:
Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I am dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wandering afar, my soul joyed to dwell;
Ah then, I felt I loved thee only;
All seemed to fade before affection's spell;
Years have not chilled the love I cherish;
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee.
Oh oh! never, till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me:
Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I am dreaming ever of thee.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher of
songs & ballads.—Toy-books, paper-dolls.
60 CHATHAM St. N. Y.

THE PILOT.

When lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
While rending waves each other war,
The lonely pilot takes the helm,
He puts to sea, resolved to brave,
Or perish in the lonely wave.

The signal of distress he hears,
And to the foundering vessel steers,
He hardly hails the endangered crew,
Who, thrown by him, safe side soon,
And like the pilot cease to fear,
Or perish in the lonely wave.

He weak, the young, the old, the fair,
He calmly points to the mariner's cottage,
His steady eyes on all fixed,
And now the vessel on her way
Pursues, the rocks and waves,
Or perish in the lonely wave.

With anchor cast, the crew they keep;
Gaze anxiously the wave they deep;
In another vessel, on the main
The crew forsaken, from wrecks hails
The lonely pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the lonely wave.

EVER OF THEE.

As Sung By John Hunt

Ever of thee I am fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my fancy can charm;
When wert thou far that fondly beaming,
Comes o'er my soul with a thousand dark and dreary
Still in my heart thy form I cherish;
Every kind thought, like a bird, flies to thee:
Oh oh! never, till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me!
Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I am dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, absent and lonely,
Wandering alone, my soul turned to dwell;
Ah then, I felt a bond thus only;
All seemed to whisper a mortal's spell;
Years have not chilled the love I cherish;
True as the stars high sky, hearts beam to thee,
Oh oh! never, till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me!
Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I am dreaming ever of thee.